

Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her:  
 She shall be lou'd and fear'd, Her owne shall blesse her;  
 Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Come,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow:  
 Good growes with her.  
 In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,  
 Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing  
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.  
 God shall be truly knowne, and those about her,  
 From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,  
 And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when  
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,  
 Her Ashes new create another Heyre,  
 As great in admiration as her selfe.  
 So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,  
 (When Heauen shall call her from this clowd of darknes)  
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour  
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,  
 That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;  
 Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,  
 His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,  
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,  
 To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children  
 Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.

*Kim.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be to the happinesse of England,  
 An aged Princeesse; many dayes shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.  
 Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,  
 She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,  
 A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe  
 To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

*Kim.* O Lord Archbishop  
 Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before  
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.  
 This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,  
 That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire  
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.  
 I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,  
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:  
 I haue recei'd much Honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,  
 Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,  
 She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke  
 'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:  
 This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

## THE EPILOGVE.

**T**Is ten to one, this Play can neuer please  
 All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,  
 And sleepe an Ait or two; but those we feare  
 Wh' haue frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis cleare,  
 They'l say tis naught. Others to heare the City  
 Abus'd extreemly, and to cry that's witty,  
 Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare

All the expected good we are like to heare,  
 For this Play at this time, is onely in  
 The mercifull construction of good women,  
 For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,  
 And say we'll doe; I know within a while,  
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
 If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.



## The Prologue.

**I**N Troy there lyes the Scene: From Illes of Greece  
 The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd  
 Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes  
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
 Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore  
 Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay  
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made  
 To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures  
 The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,  
 With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.  
 To Tenedos they come,  
 And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge  
 Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines  
 The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch  
 Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,  
 Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
 And Antenonidus with massie Staples  
 And corresposiue and fulfilling Bolts  
 Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.  
 Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,  
 On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,  
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,  
 A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
 Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited  
 In like conditions, as our Argument;  
 To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play  
 Leapes ore the waunt and firflings of those broyles,  
 Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,  
 To what may be digested in a Play:  
 Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,  
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.